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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Memoirs of John Duke of Marlborough; with his Original Correspondence, Portraits, Maps, and Military Plans. By William Coxe, M.A. F.R.S. F.S.A. Archdeacon of Wilts. Vol. 2. 4to. pp. 624. London 1818.

When the first volume of this excellent work issued from the press, we immediately laid before our readers a description of its contents and execution (see No. 67, 2d May,) and we have now the satisfaction of introducing the second volume to them, sooner we confess than we anticipated the probability of its succeeding its precursor. The reverend and able author must have been indefatigable and zealous in no ordinary degree to get such a volume through within so short a period.

The preceding volume brought down the history to the Spring of the year 1706, when the hero, as he had done for several years, left England to open the campaign. At this era the aspect of affairs was very inauspicious in every quarter, and Marlborough had to contend against greater difficulties than ever. He displayed, as usual, consummate address, and having consolidated his force at Bilsen by the 20th May, to the amount of about 60,000 men, the battle of Ramilie was fought on the 23d, in which the French were defeated, with the loss of 13,000 killed, wounded and prisoners, 80 colours and standards, and nearly their whole artillery. The British Commander had a narrow escape from some French dragoons while rallying his own cavalry: he threw himself into a ditch for extrication, and on getting up to remount a horse supplied by Captain Molesworth, Colonel Bingfield, who held his stirrup, had his head carried off by a cannon ball. One of Lord Godolphin's letters on this occasion gives so true a picture of an English minister, when beset by a powerful opposition, that we transcribe it:

Windsor, Monday 24. The Queen is come to town to give God thanks next Thursday for your victory. I assure you I shall do it from every vein within me, having scarce any thing else to support either my heart or my head. The animosity and inveteracy one has to struggle with is unimaginable, not to mention the difficulty of obtaining things to be done

that are reasonable, or of satisfying people with reason when they are done.

The consequences of the victory of Ramilie were the surrender of Brussels, Ghent, and all the principal towns in Brabant, Antwerp, and Ostend also, fell into the hands of the conquerors. The conquest of the Netherlands being thus achieved, political differences, not so readily to be overcome, presented themselves, and after much conflicting of interests, Marlborough accepted the government of the province, and then resigned it. The reduction of fortified places, however, continued, and Menin, Dendermond, &c. were subdued. The King of France, when told that the siege of the latter was resolved upon, said "They must have an army of ducks to take it;" taken it was, notwithstanding, in a few days, and Ath being soon after added to the security of the allied winter quarters, Marlborough cantoned his troops in November, and went to Brussels to conduct, or rather control the negotiations then on foot. At Brussels he was received with the honours of old paid to the sovereign Dukes of Burgundy. The keys were presented to him on his triumphal entry; and the wine of honour in a tun, gilt and painted with his arms, on a carriage adorned with streamers, and drawn by six horses, was offered by the magistrates.

The resemblance between these times and our own, must strike every reader of this interesting volume, rendered doubly so from that resemblance. The allied war also raged in Spain and in Italy; but as these campaigns, though necessary to illustrate the corresponding movements of Marlborough, do not bear so directly upon our limited view of the work, we shall pass them over without notice.

The internal politics of the British cabinet, and the struggle for power, were at this period as embarrassing as the foreign relations. The Whigs determined to transfer the seals of Secretary of State from Sir Charles Hedges to Lord Sunderland, the son-in-law of Marlborough, whose cause was zealously espoused by the Duchess. To this the Duke was at first averse, but, overcome by the importunities of his lady and friends, he at last joined in pressing the appointment upon the Queen. Her Majesty was inflexibly fixed against the measure, and her letters and behaviour

at interviews on the subject, afford a melancholy example of the persecutions to which a sovereign of England may be subjected by a powerful party.

"Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown."

The following epistle speaks volumes; and we cannot read it without deep commiseration for the well-meaning Queen Anne.

Aug. 30—Sept. 10. I think one should always speak one's mind freely to one's friends on every occasion, but sometimes one is apt to hope things may not come to that extremity, as to make it necessary to trouble them, and therefore it is very natural to defer doing so as long as one possibly can. The difficulties I labour under at this time are so great, and so uneasy to me, that they will not suffer me any longer to keep my thoughts to myself; and I chuse this way of explaining them to you, rather than endeavour to begin to speak, and not to be able to go on. I have been considering the business we have so often spoke about ever since I saw you, and cannot but continue of the same mind, that it is a great hardship to persuade any body to part with a place they are in possession of, in hopes of another that is not yet vacant. Besides, I must own freely to you, I am of the opinion that making a party man secretary of state when there are so many of their friends in employment of all kinds already, is throwing myself into the hands of a party, which is a thing I have been desirous to avoid. May be some may think I would be willing to be in the hands of the Tories; but whatever people may say of me, I do assure you I am not inclined, nor never will be, to employ any of those violent persons that have behaved themselves so ill towards me. All I desire is, my liberty in encouraging and employing all those that concur faithfully in my service, whether they are called whigs or tories, not to be tied to one, nor the other; for if I should be so unfortunate as to fall into the hands of either, I shall not imagine myself, though I have the name of Queen, to be in reality but their slave, which as it will be my personal ruin, so it will be the destroying all government; for instead of putting an end to faction, it will lay a lasting foundation for it. You press the bringing Lord Sunderland into business, that there may be one of that party in a place of trust, to help carry on the business this winter; and you think if this is not complied with, they will not be hearty in pursuing my service in the Parliament. But is it not very hard that men of sense and honour will not promote the good of their country, because every thing in the world is not done that they desire! when they may be assured Lord Sunderland shall come

into employment as soon as it is possible. Why, for God's sake, must I, who have no interest, no end, no thought, but for the good of my country, be made so miserable as to be brought into the power of one set of men? and why may not I be trusted, since I mean nothing but what is equally for the good of all my subjects? There is another apprehension I have of Lord Sunderland being secretary, which I think is a natural one, which proceeds from what I have heard of his temper. I am afraid he and I should not agree long together, finding by experience my humour and those that are of a warmer, will often have misunderstandings between one another. I could say a great deal more on this subject, but I fear I have been too tedious already. Therefore I shall conclude, begging you to consider how to bring me out of my difficulties, and never leave my service, for Jesus Christ's sake; for besides the reasons I give you in another letter, this is a blow I cannot bear.

This pathetic appeal had no effect, and Godolphin sent in his resignation. The poor Queen offered to compromise by giving Sunderland a richer place, which had not the privilege of access to her person; but even this was rejected, and Somers and Halifax threatened to join the opposition. The Duchess of Marlborough also interposed with at least as much violence as became a subject, and the anger and resentment generated on this occasion produced that inveterate enmity between the Queen and her, which was as remarkable as their friendship (as Mrs. Morley and Mrs. Freeman) had been ardent and excessive. At length, however, the party triumphed over her Majesty, and Marlborough driving from Holland to back their efforts, Lord Sunderland's appointment took place on the 3d December 1706, the day fixed for the meeting of Parliament. The Tories were thus completely thrown out, with the exception of Harley, the most subtle and dexterous among them.

From this Parliament Marlborough received the distinguished honours due to his eminent services. His titles, the manor of Woodstock, the house of Blenheim, &c. were confirmed (now he had lost his only son) to his female heirs, so as to embrace all his posterity; and the national gratitude was loudly expressed.

The extraordinary appearance of Charles XII. of Sweden upon the political theatre at this era, occupies the ensuing chapters. Marlborough's visit to that Prince at Alt Ranzadt, and dexterous management in getting over all the difficulties of his situation, are detailed in a way which throws great light upon the state of Europe, and displays the wonderful skill of his Grace in

strong colours. As he had visited the Elector of Hanover in going, he paid a visit to the King of Prussia in returning, and made important arrangements with both. He was back at the Hague in eighteen days, having seen four kings in his short excursion—those of Prussia and Sweden, and Stanislaus and Augustus of Poland.

The total defeat sustained by Lord Galway at the battle of Almanza in Spain, rendered the opening of the campaign of 1707 in the Netherlands peculiarly impressive. The timidity of the Dutch, however, paralyzed all vigorous operations, and it was the most inactive campaign of the whole war, unmarked by one event of consequence.

This was however a busy year of domestic intrigues. Mrs. Masham, become the confidante of the Queen and the Duchess of Marlborough, after dreadful bickerings, retired in disgust. But Harley's cabals were overpowered by the Whigs, and they obtained a complete ascendancy. Thus they used to force Lord Somers on the Queen, as they had done Lord Sunderland, and increased her aversion to a great pitch. We cannot enter into the narrative of the circumstances, which had so distinct an effect upon the settlement of these realms; nor shall we even say more of the campaign 1708, than that on the 11th of July Marlborough and Prince Eugene defeated the French at Oudenard. In this battle a General Bulow and the Prince of Orange were conspicuous for their conduct;—another striking coincidence with late events. As a reward for this and former victories, King Charles offered the Duke the government of the Netherlands, which, though desirous of accepting, he was induced to decline, for fear of augmenting the jealousy of the Dutch, and sowing greater division than ever in the allied councils. The siege of Lille, one of the most important features in these wars, and its surrender, together with other great advantages, concluded the operations (of the year) unusually protracted, at a time when it was the constant custom to take up winter quarters and commence hostilities, as if by mutual consent, at a certain date in the spring.

In 1709 there was a temporary renewal of intercourse between the Queen and Duchess of Marlborough; and the Whigs succeeded in advancing Lord Somers to the presidency of the council. They were now quite too potent for anything like free-will or independence on the part of her Majesty, though sustained by the Prince of Denmark, her

husband, and Admiral Churchill, the Duke's brother. The death of the Prince accelerated the triumph of the Whigs. The following curious note, on the afternoon of the Prince's death, shews how minutely the Queen attended to the details of the funeral:

I scratched twice at dear Mrs. Freeman's [the pet name for the Duchess] door, as soon as Lord Treasurer went from me, in hopes to have spoke one more word to him before he was gone; but nobody hearing me, I wrote this, not caring to send what I had to say by word of mouth; which was, to desire him, that when he sends his orders to Kensington, he would give directions there may be a great many yeomen of the guards to carry the Prince's dear body, that it may not be let fall, the great stairs being very steep and slippery.

With the arrangements for the campaign of 1710, this volume, of the contents of which we have given so slight a sketch, concludes.

As further elucidating an epoch in the annals of Great Britain unparalleled in her military and foreign history, except by the present age, and in her domestic affairs and internal politics by any event whatever, not even excepting the union of the roses of York and Lancaster, or the Revolution, of which indeed it may be said to form a part, the volume before us is replete with every attraction that can demand the public regard. Its marked and peculiar feature is the development, by means of the private correspondence of the principal actors, of the springs and secret movements of the political machine, whose outward operations were replete with such momentous results. We see into the very interior of the cabinet; the motives of personal ambition; the workings of party; the pains and embarrassments, and forced submissions of royalty; the schemes of ministers, and the influence of private individuals, are all laid bare before our eyes. To say that such a spectacle is possessed of uncommon interest, is to state a truism; and we think we can scarcely go too far in pronouncing that this work, in its combination of materials, adds to historical truth and instructiveness in an unusual degree worthy of attention, a portion of secret memoir and private anecdote which render it as amusing as it is important.

We look with impatience for the third and last volume, which is promised before the end of the year.

An Autumn near the Rhine; or Sketches of Courts, Society, Scenery, &c. in some of the German States bordering on the Rhine. London 1818. 8vo. pp. 554.

This is one of the most pleasing journals

of a Continental excursion which has appeared since the opening of the communications, or we might rather say of the Mine for travellers, which, to own the truth, has been dug and bored most perseveringly, till some ore and much rubbish has been brought to the surface and imported into England, in packages of the shape of unpretending duodecimos, convenient octavos, and respectable-looking quartos. The author has followed rather a new vein, and has, we think, extracted some tolerable specimens of metal from it; and as he has been obliging enough to give it us unmixed with too much, though there is a little, of the common make-weight earthly matter, we are bound to a favourable report of his production.

The title sufficiently explains the nature of the work, and we shall not so much deem it requisite to trace the route of our traveller, as to halt where he furnishes us with the most agreeable entertainment, and carry off a dish or two for our readers, either to indulge their taste, or induce them to sit down to the whole banquet whence these examples are derived.

The author seems to be a person of liberal education, of considerable talent for observation, of that rank in life which introduced him to the best society, and of literary habits to enable him to tell us what he saw and did in a light and easy manner. Were we to guess what he was from his book, we should say that he belonged to one of the liberal professions, and that one neither the church nor the healing art. But be that as it may be, he commences his narrative with a picturesque description of the Rhingau, the commencement of harvest on the side of the river where he was journeying, and the little town of Ingelheim, where he baited. Thence to Mayence is but a step, but Mayence furnishes nothing new, and we cross the Rhine to get really into Germany at Cassel. The change of manners is striking. At Darmstadt, the old Grand Duke of Hesse is represented as a well-informed, strong-minded prince, exceedingly fond of the opera, and superintending rehearsals in order to guard against musical blunders, which are more dreaded at his court than political errors. The performances are exquisitely tasteful.

At Darmstadt the author was introduced to the sister of the reigning Prince, —the Grand Duchess of Saxe Weimar, one of the most distinguished women of Germany, and the patron of Schiller, Wieland, Goethe, and Herder. Her

noble conduct overawed even Buonaparte when he entered Weimar as a victorious enemy, after the battle of Jena, and summoned the castle, whither this heroic princess had retired with the poor deserted women and inhabitants of the town. Her dignified firmness had the effect of inducing Napoleon to spare the place, and withdraw the cruel order he had issued for the pillage of the palace and town. She is now about sixty.

The public revenues of the Grand Duke (of Hesse) are about 400,000*l.* per annum, besides which he has a private fund of about 10,000*l.* per annum, chiefly arising out of estates which he has purchased. The interest of the national debt incurred during the late wars amounts to 80,000*l.* The Grand Duke was one of the last princes who acceded to the Rhenish confederation, and has now under his dominion 640,000 souls, or double the number he had previous to that event. It ranks after the electorate of Hesse Cassel, as the ninth power of Germany.

We notice several very shrewd remarks in this part of the volume. Speaking of the hereditary Prince of Hesse as a man of great simplicity, which at first seems weakness and diffidence, but is merely a worthy German quality in one who has both thought and read to advantage, and observes more than he speaks; the author says:—

This is a character with which I have not unfrequently been agreeably surprised in Germany; where the calm flow of spirits, and the slow abstract turn of intellect, seem to keep down the *besoin du parler* which a Frenchman often feels from animal spirits, and an Englishman from activity of mind.

And again, treating of the literary connexion between Germany and England, he tells us that Ossian is the grand favourite of the former country, as the Robbers of Schiller are most esteemed of any of his works in England, while in his native land they are slighted as a youthful extravagance, to be pardoned, not admired.

It is, (he adds) perhaps, not difficult to account for this. By far the greatest proportion, both of English and Germans, form their acquaintance with each other's literature by means of translations. And I apprehend it is not the most finished work which appears the most striking, through this imperfect medium. On the contrary, works of coarser workmanship and broader effect, like the two in question, may often be transfused into a foreign language, with less damage to the original. As for the comparatively few persons who peruse, with difficulty, the originals—in reading a language but imperfectly understood, whatever is broadest, and has fewest shades, is most intelligible, and therefore most interesting. Words acquire a value inde-

pendent of the ideas they express, from the pains one is at to comprehend them; and what is most florid strikes most.

At Darmstadt our traveller also met the Prince Philip of Hesse Homburg, a younger brother of the hereditary Prince, since united to the Princess Elizabeth. He speaks rather ludicrously of the Homburg territory, as containing from 18 to 20,000 subjects, in about 50 square English miles. The family, however, bear a high character all over Germany. Homburg is a pretty little place, in a beautiful country, under noble mountains (the Taunus, near Frankfort;) the revenues about 150,000*l.* a year.—Homburg, by a singular bargain, was a fief of the English crown in the reign of Edward I. who purchased that superiority for 500*l.* in English gold, of Eberhard, Count of Katzenellenbogen, and Lord of Homburg. In the new arrangement of Germany, if we may judge from the apportioning of votes at the Congress, the minor states will be little better than fiefs, or at least enjoy almost as small a share of sovereign authority in the general system, as the mediatised Princes do in what were once their independent states, but are now parts of the country in which they are situated. In the Congress, of 17 votes, 11 belong to 11 great powers, and the other six are divided, five among about twenty principalities, and the last one among the four free cities, Hamburg, Lübeck, Bremen, and Frankfort.

In the course of his stay at Darmstadt, Baden, Stuttgart, and other places, the author had opportunities of observing the manners of the people in the upper walks of life, and of seeing and obtaining anecdotes of many persons in whom the British reader feels an interest. In his relation of these matters, our traveller is perhaps a little too much the hero of his own tale: all the Barons, Baronesses, Ministers, Margraves, and even Electors, Kings and Queens, are "friends of mine," or "ladies of my acquaintance." He, a stranger to German etiquette, even protects recently ennobled personages in their first bashful introduction at Court (p. 247.) and has the pleasure of knowing one Sovereign who makes all the clocks of his metropolis regulate by that of his palace, which of course goes fast or slow, as it suits his Majesty's convenience (p. 367.) But in spite of these little ebullitions of egotism, which bespeak *youngness*, the accounts are amusing. At Carlsruhe, for example, in the palace of the English garden—

The upper story contains two little apart-

ments, hung chiefly with English prints, which formed the favourite abode for many weeks of the late Duke of Brunswick, the hero of Waterloo. Grief for the loss of his charming wife, a daughter of the old Margrave (of Baden) drove him to seek distraction and comfort with her family at Carlsruhe. He formed a solitary study of these little apartments, situated in a sequestered shrubbery, and passed several weeks here almost without society.

At Ludwigsberg, where the Queen Dowager of Württemberg resides, the character of our Princess Royal is unanimously good:—

She was a *recht brave wohlthätige dame*, “a right brave benevolent lady,”—*man hat sic gern in Ludwigsburg*, “one has her willingly at Ludwigsburg,” were the plebian expressions of loyal satisfaction, beyond which the phlegmatic German idioms never rise in compliment to any one. Her Majesty’s mode of life is simple: she dines about one—an hour or two earlier than most princes and princesses of the country—sees little company—but is happy to receive English visitors—she spends the evening, after six, the hour of tea, in the society of her little court, composed entirely of Germans.

Her exemplary conduct towards her husband is spoken of with admiration, and the present King, her son-in-law, shews his attachment to her by frequent visits, and the most respectful attention. The Ex-Queen of Sweden, called the Helen of the North for her beauty, is another of the author’s portraits.

The Queen, now above thirty years of age, still retains that interesting expression of countenance which is the best part of beauty. Her figure is slender and graceful; and her delicate complexion, and soft grey eyes, give to her features, which are not quite Grecian, an expression of feminine softness almost bordering on timidity. She has all the appearance of having suffered much: but the expression of her countenance is rather that of pensive mildness than of melancholy. Her features have a tone of quick sensibility, which a lady happily described, in observing that the Queen always appeared on the point of smiling or weeping. Her manners are simple, and frank in the highest degree. —— She is a good English scholar, and admired the poems of Lord Byron and Moore. —— The Princess (her daughter) is of a slender delicate figure, not without grace. The Prince (her son) a tall well-looking youth of sixteen, simple and good-humoured, with a strong resemblance to his father, is now pursuing his education at the University of Heidelberg, under the care of a respectable Swiss governor. The Queen has some thoughts of sending her son to an English University.

This Prince, who is within a few weeks of the same age as Oscar Bernadotte, no

doubt looks forward with hope to the throne of his ancestors.

Among the numerous remarks on German society, women, and habits and feelings of the people, we are informed that the English are no favourites on the Rhine, owing to their rivalry in manufactures; that the parsimonious Austrians and Prussians are despised; and the days regretted when the French, from the general to the private soldier, spent their money freely and liberally. That some persons may have uttered this absurdity, is likely enough; but that such is the general feeling may well be doubted, at least if we give the inhabitants credit for any thing like common understanding. They knew that the funds thus squandered by the French were first wrung from themselves, and it is scarcely possible to love that generous robber who plunders you, and then lavishes the booty like a profligate. Indeed the author is not consistent on this point, for he says, when speaking of the French language,

If this badge of the court should become common among the *bourgeoisie*, it may go out among the nobles. But the patriotic spirit spreading rapidly among the middling classes, shews itself by a violent hostility to every thing foreign, and in particular to the French language, both as one of the insignia of aristocracy, and as a *memento of their old oppressors*.

We shall now select a specimen of the author’s style in scene painting; and another, of the laxity of foreign morals when compared with the general propriety of our own country.

There is almost unvarying uniformity of character in the Rhine scenery. The villages and towns, with a blue slated look, and half constructed of the slate which abounds in the mountains, stand thickly at their base, washed by the river. A narrow valley invariably opens behind them, out of which a little stream or river finds its way through the village into the Rhine, while the ruins of the old seignioral chateau are perched on the vine-covered mountain above. Immediately beneath is the town or village, once inhabited by the knight’s dependants, and now by the peasant proprietors of a few acres of the precious vineyard. The churches and walls of the town often appear nearly as ancient as the old towers on the mountains. They have no architectural beauty, but present generally plain round, or octagon turrets, and square massive walls, with a grotesque *melange* of slated pinnacles, minarets and spires, which give the general character of the massy Saxon foundation, embellished by a quaint detailed Gothic, of later date. You can easily conceive the singular and interesting character which the scene acquires from these well preserved vestiges of the days of knighthood.

The history of the complex sentimental arrangements of a well-known prime-minister of one of the greatest German powers, and his second spouse, is an illustration of all that is bad in German systems of matrimony and morals. His Excellency and this lady met at Hanover, both being then married and parents of families. A vehement and mutual passion was the consequence, of course speedily followed by a divorce of both parties, and their marriage. Their attachment survived the union some little time, when each party began to find their active hearts in want of new occupation. The minister had been smitten at Frankfort by a fascinating actress, whom he engaged to follow him; while his lady consoled herself by taking lessons on the flageolet of a captivating musician of a regimental band. His wife’s musical pursuits became such as to compromise the Prince’s dignity, he had recourse to a second divorce; and thus left at liberty, he has lately married the actress, who lived with him as his mistress above fifteen years, and who is now received, and recognized as the Princess of ——. His spouse declared without shame the musician the father of one of her children, and did all in her power to engage the man to leave for her his own wife and family. ——

Several other instances of equal profligacy are narrated, but one is sufficient to be

“To all an example, to no one a pattern.”

There is not much relative to the fine arts of Germany in the volume before us. Music seems to be most highly cultivated, and the theatre in other respects is rather coarse than classical. The language, it is argued, is at war with expression, and Kemble’s sublimely natural personation of *The Stranger* would be reckoned tame and obtuse to the sensibilities of the robustious mind of a German audience. Danneker, the Canova of Württemberg, is spoken of in terms of great admiration. An Ariadne seated on a lion, in the possession of Mr. Bethmann of Frankfort, is said to surpass every thing of modern sculpture.

His works are generally distinguished from Canova’s by a less prominent infusion of the ideal—a more close embodying of simple forms of nature. This is managed with such excellent taste, and so nice a sense of grace and beauty, that it only renders them more touching—more what every one can feel and delight in—without giving them the least approach to homeliness or want of grace.

Elsewhere his works are said to possess

The same harmonious grace of composition and delicate execution, the same soft round contours and tenderness of expression, the same admirable blending of the poetry of the art with touching truth of representation.

An old paralytic canon of the cathedral of Frankfort, of the name of Hardy, is also a dilettanti modeller of little wax figures of misers, jews, and other characters, in a style of exquisite correctness. He has also the merit of having discovered a new insect, the merit of which saved him from having half a dozen French soldiers quartered on him when these troops were billeted on the townspeople.

Having thus run over the chief parts of the Autumn on the Rhine, we shall reserve a few of the most curious and interesting extracts for our ensuing Number, as they are too long for the present.

New Tales. By Mrs. Opie. London 1818.
4 vols. 12mo.

In our last we alluded to the difficulty of giving a satisfactory idea of a work of fiction within the compass of a publication like ours:—Novels are long, our sheet is short; they require much room to epitomise them, and we must consult the taste of our readers for variety as well as

—“copious stories oftentimes begun,”

which

“End without audience, and are never done.” The embarrassment of which we have complained, is not diminished, when, instead of a single story, as is generally the case in such productions, we have many stories, as is the case in the particular production before us. Mrs. Opie is not satisfied with one stroke, but cuts again and again, in every possible direction, like a skilful dragoon at his sword-exercise, till she accomplishes her purpose, which, to her honour be it recorded, is invariably to destroy Vice and protect Virtue.

There is something, we feel, acquired by the constant habit of reading books for the purpose of delivering an opinion upon them, which is not favourable to too kind a judgment upon those of fancy and imagination. We become rigid in our censures; we look much at small faults; we examine and criticise the composition, the style, the connexion of incidents, the dramatic effect, the whole minutiae of literary execution, as well as the more obvious scope of the invention. This is evidently too severe a trial; and though Mrs. Opie has little reason to dread it, many novel-writers would be justified in appealing from the tribunal, to the sense of that class of the community whose tastes and inclinations are chiefly studied in such performances. We are glad, therefore, under such cir-

cumstances, and with these impressions on our mind, to gather the sentiments of some intelligent female friends before we pronounce sentence upon works of this kind. One of the most celebrated dramatic writers that ever lived, used to read his Comedies to an ancient servant, and if she did not laugh, he returned with the piece to his closet; but if she enjoyed the humour heartily, he received it as a sure token of public success. Fortified in a similar manner by the opinions of more competent intellects, we hesitate not to say, that the unanimous testimony of mothers, wives, and daughters, is decidedly in favour of these NEW TALES. They say that they inculcate nothing but what is pure and good. They amuse while they instruct; and plant the scions of sound principles, together with the flowers of fancy. Their interest is sufficient to excite mature attention, and their morality eminently calculated to improve youth.

This is a high character, and we assent to its being deserved. All the Tales are praiseworthy, and several of them excellent. Each volume has two, except the last, which has three. Of the whole, we prefer that entitled “*White Lies*,” in the second volume, for its admirable exposition of the sin and shame of the practice known under that flattering name;—the ‘*Tale of Trials*,’ in volume third, for its incidents and pathos; and the ‘*Ruffian Boy*,’ in the last, for its dramatic interest and effect. The “*Odd-tempered Man*,” is, we trust, rather too much of an exception to human nature to be very applicable as a moral rule: not so the “*Young Man of the World*,” a charming lesson of filial piety, though not of the highest claims as a fable. “*Mrs. Arlington, or all is not gold that glitters*,” also inculcates in an agreeable way, the useful precept of contentment with our own estate.

It would be too much for us to epitomize all these Tales, but we shall so far follow our accustomed path, as to give the outline of one of them, and a specimen from which the rest may be estimated:—

White Lies is founded on that too seldom checked propensity for telling apparently slight falsehoods, which do not seem to threaten any evil consequences. Clara Delancy and Eleanor Musgrave, two cousins and co-wards of Mr. Morley, are contrasted; the former being a strict adherer to truth, the latter inclined to disregard it in those trifles which occur in every-day life. These different qualities have a striking influence upon the future fortunes of the young ladies.

To annoy a Mrs. Somerville, Eleanor

gives her a gasconading account of a splendid entertainment at a Mrs. Harrison’s: she sanctions a slanderous misrepresentation of a Lady Sophia Mildred, through which a respectable teacher, Mr Bellamy, is considered an inhuman man, and has the son of Sir R. Mildred taken from under his tuition. Upon these two variations from sincerity and truth, a good deal afterwards hinges. Sydney Davenant, an old connection of the families of Delancy and Musgrave, returns from India, every thing that woman could desire in a husband. His preference is for the best of the two cousins; but by the arts and falsehoods of Miss Musgrave (the evil habit growing upon her,) he is detached from Clara, and becomes the betrothed of Eleanor. We need not dwell on the many troubles into which this young lady is plunged, in order to maintain her deceptions unmasked;—they are well contrived, and after various discoveries and escapes from duels, &c. the confidence of Davenant in his bride is dreadfully shaken. It turns out now that the Harrison family have been utterly ruined by the severity of Mr. Somerville, (the principal creditor of Harrison in an unfortunate turn of his affairs) inflamed by the envious representations of his wife respecting their extravagance, as related by Eleanor. It also happens, that Mr. Bellamy is prevented from obtaining a desirable promotion, in consequence of the ill opinion expressed towards him by Sir R. Mildred. Both these events come under the cognizance of Davenant, together with other falsehoods and misconduct, no longer to be concealed, and he renounces the detected and humbled Miss Musgrave for the noble-minded and sincere Miss Delancy. The latter leads a subsequent life of honour and happiness; the former of contempt and misery. The lesson is further improved by rendering Mr. Morley also too regardless of strict veracity, which involves him in a proper proportion of his Ward’s shame and punishment.

Our extract must be brief: we take it from the *Tale of Trials*. A daughter, whose father has disowned her for a worthless second wife, seeks her parent, when robbed and deserted during the plague of London. She obtains admission to his infected abode, and thus describes it:—

The door opened, and with difficulty, for something opposed the opening; and I felt very sick when I discovered that it was the body of the poor maid-servant. But I struggled with this feeling; and while the watchman went out to call the dead-cart, whose awful rumbling was heard in the street at a distance, I tottered up to the chamber of my father.

With a trembling hand I opened the door of the dark and suffocating room, and anxiously listened to hear whether he breathed or not. He did, breathe audibly in his bed. Life therefore was not extinct; and with renewed thankfulness and hope, I returned with a light step of gladness to the door, and told the Watchman where

to find my coach, and to bring to me instantly a large basket which it contained. (This contains medicines, &c. which she administers with good effect.) But his apparent quiet did not last long. He again became restless, and delirium succeeded; his cheek became more flushed, and he talked incessantly; and sometimes with uncontrollable emotion I heard him pronounce my own name; and "My child! My poor Adele!" and sometimes, "Vile infesting woman!" and "Go to your husband, then, go!" were distinctly uttered. It would be absurd to say that this night was to me a night of happiness, because my anxiety was still as great as my hopes; and I knew not but that I myself was at that moment inhaling contagion and certain death. Still, when I found myself once more in the presence of that parent, whom, even in his estrangement from me, I had ever tenderly loved and truly honoured,—when I thought that by my timely presence I should perhaps be permitted to save his life, and hear him name me ere long, not only his beloved child, but his preserver,—my heart was filled, nay, was choked with emotions of the most pleasurable kind.

About nine o'clock, my father awoke from his sleep, and called 'Martha,' in a much stronger and clearer tone than he had yet spoken; and while every fibre trembled with hope and with emotion, I let down my veil, and, in a whisper, said, "Here I am, Sir."

"Poor girl!" said my father, "I am glad to hear it; for I feared you were gone and left me, like every body else—but no—I recollect—I feared you were dead too. You have been very ill, have you not?" "Yes, Sir, very (still whispering); but I am got well, though I have lost my voice: and so will you get well, Sir." "No, Martha, no; nor do I wish it. What should I live for? I have nobody to love me now—no one—no one—" Then heaving a deep sigh, he hid his face in the pillow.

The rest of this colloquy is, if possible, more affecting; but we can only add, that the filial duty of Angèle is rewarded by the restoration of her parent, after she has intrepidly resisted an attempt to rob and assassinate him, proving that an affectionate woman is as heroic in the moment of danger, as soft and soothing in the hour of sickness and disease.

To conclude, we most heartily recommend these Tales to every class of readers, and especially to families who wish to cultivate the virtues in their rising progeny. Sometimes the incidents and dialogue are a little artificial, but there is not one sentiment which it is not desirable to impress deeply on the youthful mind.

* The latter expressions apply to his faithless wife, who has a former husband living,

LUCRETIA, a Tragedy, in five acts.
London 1816.

Another appeal from the managers to the public.

This play was found, it is stated in the preface, by accident, in arranging the library of a deceased nobleman, and is supposed to have been his Lordship's own composition. It is written in refined language, and the lines are in general elegant and correct. It brings before the reader in a perspicuous manner one of the most important events in ancient history—the expulsion of the Tarquins, and the foundation of the liberty and greatness of Rome.

Lucretia, the heroine of the tragedy, has generally been considered as the model of her sex, for the domestic and conjugal virtues. By others her character has been doubted. Who can escape suspicion?

Her death may have been, according to them, the result of her guilt, and her only resource to escape public ignominy and punishment. She may have fallen a sacrifice to the injured honour of her family; and a false representation may have been given of its circumstances to inflame the people of Rome, and call into action their slumbering resentment against the tyrants who oppressed them. In the present tragedy, Lucretia is represented in all her loveliness, and her death is made the effect of wounded sensibility of a fine and delicate feeling of honour. At the same time a parallel plot is carried on by Brutus and the patriots, to free their country from slavery, and Lucretia's wrongs give the last impulse to their spirits, and carry them into action.

This plan is so natural, and adapts itself so unexceptionably to the general plot, that it affords the classic reader the pleasure of readily believing that every thing he finds in the tragedy actually to have taken place. Such a belief adds no small charm to an historical novel or play; and the violation of established truth, which we too frequently find in such works, ought ever to excite reprehension.

Many extracts from this play are unnecessary. The following is Tarquin's account of Lucretia, when the Roman officers left the camp and made an unexpected visit to their wives, to determine their comparative merits.

We found the fair employ'd amongst her nymphs, Who plied with skilful hands the 'brodering looms,
Soothing by tasteful toil at midnight hour
Her anxious mind in absence of her lord.
Her golden hair in sportive ringlets play'd

Upon her polished neck, and gave new charms
To so much beauty, elegance, and grace,
As Diana's self might proudly emulate.
Her snowy arms a smiling boy sustain'd,
On whom she gaz'd with all a mother's fondness;
At her left hand lay Numa's sacred page,
And on her right the statues of the gods.
Abash'd and startled at our so abrupt approach,
She gather'd hastily her flowing robes,
Then rose majestic. But when Collatine
Approached to meet her, in her sparkling eyes
Ecstatic fondness, mix'd with chaste desire,
Shone forth confess'd, and brighten'd every charm.

Her swelling bosom heaved with soft delight,
And every glance betray'd her secret joy.
With chaste reserve she veil'd her rising love,
And check'd with modesty her tender passion.
To her all yielded the contested palm,
And I my heart, a victim to her beauty,
For from that fatal hour my love-sick soul
Has ne'er known peace.

[Act 1. sc. 1.

We doubt much, however, that this play would tell upon the stage, where even Cato is found to be dull and tedious. There is nothing very striking about it; no situations of fine effect; no very strong pathetic interest. A few passages would perhaps produce considerable sensation; but there is not one, we think, which would draw a tear. When Valeria tells Lucretia that Tarquin's power is boundless, she replies energetically—

No! Valeria, no,
The gods have power above him.

Brutus thus reproves the excessive love of Collatinus:

Love in excess degenerates into vice:
Love is a noble and a godlike passion,
The bond of peace, and source of all our joys.
Love softens and refines our rougher natures,
And fills the soul with every social virtue:
Love makes us friendly, generous, and sincere,
And stamps peculiar grace on all our acts.
But if it claims superior sway to reason,
It then grows dangerous, and should with care
Be mastered and corrected.

When Tarquin promises inviolable secrecy as an inducement to tempt Lucretia's honour, she answers—

And is it fear alone, that keeps me virtuous?
Is there no other tie to bind my honour,
But danger of reproach, and public censure?
No, you mistake me, Prince:—my soul abhors
To harbour vice, tho' hid from every eye;
I should disdain the loathsome servile task
Of adding mean deceit to baser crimes,
And, like an ill-cured wound, look fair and
healthy,
While all within was foulness and corruption.

These are fair specimens of this dramatic poem, in which the occurrence of some faulty lines would be removed by the transposition of a single word in each:

And aided by thy council again hopes,
would be rendered poetry by "hopes
again;"—

But have you long cherished this growing passion,
would be a verse with "cherished long;"

and both sound and sense would be improved, were Rome

By sacred oracles alone declared
Born to reign mistress—

rendered

By sacred oracles declared alone
Born, &c.

Some verbal inaccuracies also appear, but they do not require being pointed out, and the composition will not fail to afford pleasure in the closet, notwithstanding these slight blemishes.

Speeches intended to have been delivered are not unfrequently published, and the prologue intended to have been spoken to this play, has several good points: we offer no excuse for concluding with what it was meant to begin with.

PROLOGUE.

'Tis not an easy thing to write a Prologue: Who does it well, assuredly, is no log— He must, amidst the follies of the day, Officiate as decoy-duck to the play, Which to attempt, without some indispensable Accomplishments, were highly reprehensible— These, manifold and mystic, if one durst Enumerate, might thus be reckoned; first, Patience to read the manuscript—no small Exertion—that—considering what a scrawl Your men of genius generally write— Next, a neat style—impassion'd, yet polite— Solemn, yet sweet—the compound sort of skill So well-bred doctors proffering a pill— So must the Prologue writer treat the town, And soothe his patient as the draught goes down— But "not too tame"—his indignation fierce Must sweep, like chaff, his brethren of verse, Who dashing in, *en masse*, or one by one, Sully the sacred stream of Helicon; Turn from the stage, its waters, like a dam, And quite mislead the *Public*, pretty lamb! Then must he, sonorous as twenty drums, Swear that his bard magnanimously comes Champion of Taste, to vindicate the age, And, (bear it, Modesty!) reform the Stage: Such are most Prologues, but not such is our's— We sound no trumpet on our Author's powers: We scorn to vitiated taste to pander: We trust implicitly to public canour: We deprecate, uninfluenc'd by rivalry, The modern melo-dramas, and "all their chivalry:" We do presume, that verse so chaste and pure As marks this drama, must for age endure: Brutus, who found his life no sinecure; Lucretia, chastity's sublimest sample; Tarquin, to all such ruffians an example: These are our characters, from these we trace Our moral; which may probably find grace In British bosoms, and revive at home, The vanish'd glories of majestic Rome.

Franklin's Memoirs. 3d and last Vol. 4to.

Once more we avail ourselves of the miscellaneous contents of this excellent volume, to present our readers with another pleasing extract, in which a delightful precept is impressed in an original and entertaining essay; and one, in which a philosophical subject is treated in a manner worthy of the intelligent mind of the writer. After this we shall

lay the book aside from which we have derived so much rational gratification, and of which we need add little to our former eulogy. The unaffectedness, the strength of understanding, and the downright plainness of Dr. Franklin, shew that as he was a man of very superior intellect, he had no occasion to entrench himself behind little obscurities, in order to appear greater than he really was. Thus in all his writings there is a perspicuity and adaptation to the common sense of common people, which has rendered his productions so highly, universally, and deservedly popular. And this without any meanness or lowness of style; for he is strong without being coarse, and simple without being meagre, and intelligible without being rude or unmindful of the better arts of composition. Upon the whole, few, if any, of the moderns have so nearly approached the ancient school as Dr. Franklin, in the abundance of his matter, the depth and originality of his thoughts, the occasional playfulness of his fancy, and the variety and accuracy of his views on all the subjects upon which he ventured to appear as an author.

THE EPHEMERA: AN EMBLEM OF HUMAN LIFE.

(Written in 1778.)

To Madame Brillon, of Passy.

You may remember, my dear friend, that when we lately spent that happy day in the delightful garden and sweet society of the Moulin Joly, I stopt a little in one of our walks, and staid some time behind the company. We had been shewn numberless skeletons of a kind of little fly, called an ephemera, whose successive generations, we were told, were bred and expired within the day. I happened to see a living company of them on a leaf, who appeared to be engaged in conversation. You know I understand all the inferior animal tongues: my too great application to the study of them is the best excuse I can give for the little progress I have made in your charming language. I listened through curiosity to the discourse of these little creatures; but as they, in their national vivacity, spoke three or four together, I could make but little of their conversation. I found, however, by some broken expressions that I heard now and then, they were disputing warmly on the merit of two foreign musicians, one a *cousin*, the other a *moscheto*; in which dispute they spent their time, seemingly as regardless of the shortness of life as if they had been sure of living a month. Happy people! thought I, you live certainly under a wise, just, and mild government, since you have no public grievances to complain of, nor any subject of contention but the perfections and imperfections of foreign music. I turned my head from them to an old grey-headed one who was single on another leaf, and talking to himself. Being amused with his soliloquy, I put it down in writing, in

hopes it will likewise amuse her to whom I am so much indebted for the most pleasing of all amusements, her delicious company and heavenly harmony.

"It was," said he, "the opinion of learned philosophers of our race, who lived and flourished long before my time, that this vast world, the Moulin Joly, could not itself subsist more than eighteen hours; and I think there was some foundation for that opinion, since, by the apparent motion of the great luminary that gives life to all nature, and which in my time has evidently declined considerably towards the ocean at the end of our earth, it must then finish its course, be extinguished in the waters that surround us, and leave the world in cold and darkness, necessarily producing universal death and destruction. I have lived seven of those hours, a great age, being no less than four hundred and twenty minutes of time. How very few of us continue so long! I have seen generations born, flourish, and expire. My present friends are the children and grandchildren of the friends of my youth, who are now, alas, no more! And I must soon follow them; for, by the course of nature, though still in health, I cannot expect to live above seven or eight minutes longer. What now avails all my toil and labour, in amassing honey-dew on this leaf, which I cannot live to enjoy? What the political struggles I have been engaged in, for the good of my compatriots inhabitants of this bush, or my philosophical studies for the benefit of our race in general! for in politics what can lays do without morals? Our present race of ephemera will in a course of minutes become corrupt, like those of other and older bushes, and consequently as wretched; and in philosophy how small our progress! Alas! art is long, and life is short! My friends would comfort me with the idea of a name, they say, I shall leave behind me; and they tell me I have lived long enough to nature and to glory. But what will fame be to an ephemera who no longer exists? And what will become of all history in the eighteenth hour, when the world itself, even the whole Moulin Joly, shall come to its end, and be buried in universal ruin?"

To me, after all my eager pursuits, no solid pleasures now remain, but the reflection of a long life spent in meaning well, the sensible conversation of a few good lady ephemera, and now and then a kind smile and a tune from the ever amiable *Brillante*.

B. FRANKLIN.

ON THE THEORY OF THE EARTH

AND ITS MAGNETISM.

To the Abbé de Saussure.

Occasioned by his sending me some Notes he had taken of what I had said to him in conversation on the Theory of the Earth, and written to set him right in some points wherein he had mistaken my meaning.

B. F.

Passy, Sept. 23, 1782.
I return the papers with some corrections. I did not find coal-mines under the calcareous rock in Derbyshire. I only remarked

that at the lowest part of that rocky mountain, which was in sight, there were oyster shells mixed in the stone; and part of the high country of Derby being probably as much above the level of the sea as the coal-mines of Whitehaven, were below it, it seemed a proof that there had been a great *bulversem* in the surface of that island, some part of it having been depressed under the sea, and other parts, which had been under it, being raised above it. Such changes in the superficial parts of the globe seemed to me unlikely to happen, if the earth were solid to the centre; I therefore imagined that the internal parts might be a fluid more dense, and of greater specific gravity than any of the solids we are acquainted with, which therefore might swim in or upon that fluid. Thus the surface of the globe would be a shell, capable of being broken and disordered by the violent movements of the fluid on which it rested. And as air has been compressed by art, so as to be twice as dense as water, in which case, if such air and water could be contained in a strong glass vessel, the air would be seen to take the lowest place, and the water to float above and upon it; and as we know not yet the degree of density to which air may be compressed, and M. Amontons calculated, that its density, increasing as it approached the centre, in the same proportion as above the surface, it would at the depth of — leagues be heavier than gold; possibly the dense fluid, occupying the internal parts of the globe, might be air compressed. And as the force of expansion in dense air, when heated, is in proportion to its density, this central air might afford another agent to move the surface, as well as be of use in keeping alive the subterraneous fires; though, as you observe, the sudden rarefaction of water coming into contact without those fires, may also be an agent sufficiently strong for that purpose, when acting between the incumbent earth and the fluid on which it rests.

If one might indulge imagination in supposing how such a globe was formed, I should conceive that all the elements in separate particles, being originally mixed in confusion, and occupying a great space, they would (as soon as the Almighty first ordained gravity, or the mutual attraction of certain parts, and the mutual repulsion of others to exist) all move to their common centre; that the air being a fluid, whose parts repel each other, though drawn to the common centre by their gravity, would be densest towards the centre, and rarer as more remote; consequently, all matters lighter than the central parts of that air, and immersed in it, would recede from the centre, and rise till they arrive at that region of the air which was of the same specific gravity with themselves, where they would rest; while other matter, mixed with the lighter air, would descend, and the two meeting, would form the shell of the first earth, leaving the upper atmosphere nearly clear. The original movement of the parts towards their common centre, would naturally form a whirl there,

which would continue upon the turning of the new formed globe upon its axis, and the greatest diameter of the shell would be in its equator. If by any accident afterwards the axis should be changed, the dense internal fluid, by altering its form, must burst the shell, and throw all its substance into the confusion in which we find it. I will not trouble you at present with my fancies concerning the manner of forming the rest of our system. Superior beings smile at our theories, and at our presumption in making them. I will just mention, that your observation of the ferruginous nature of the lava which is thrown out from the depths of our volcanos, gave me great pleasure. It has long been a supposition of mine, that the iron contained in the surface of the globe, has made it capable of becoming, as it is, a great magnet; that the fluid of magnetism perhaps exists in all space; so that there is a magnetical North and South of the universe, as well as of this globe; and, that if it were possible for a man to fly from star to star, he might govern his course by the compass; that it was by the power of this general magnetism, this globe became a particular magnet. In soft or hot iron, the fluid of magnetism is naturally diffused equally; when within the influence of the magnet, it is drawn to one end of the iron, made denser there, and rarer at the other. While the iron continues soft and hot, it is only a temporary magnet; if it cools or grows hard in that situation, it becomes a permanent one, the magnetic fluid not easily resuming its equilibriums. Perhaps it may be owing to the permanent magnetism of this globe, which it had not at first, that its axis is at present kept parallel to itself, and not liable to the changes it formerly suffered, which occasioned the rupture of its shell, the submersions and emersions of its lands, and the confusion of its seasons. The present polar and equatorial diameters differing from each other near ten leagues, it is easy to conceive, in case some power should shift the axis gradually, and place it in the present equator, and make the new equator pass through the present poles, what a sinking of the waters would happen in the present equatorial regions, and what a rising in the present polar regions; so that vast tracts would be discovered that now are under water, and others covered, that are now dry, the water rising and sinking in the different extremes near five leagues. Such an operation as this possibly occasioned much of Europe, and, amongst the rest, this mountain of Passy, on which I live, and which is composed of limestone, rock, and sea-shells, to be abandoned by the sea, and to change its ancient climate, which seems to have been a hot one. The globe being now become a perfect magnet, we are, perhaps, safe from any change of its axis. But we are still subject to the accidents on the surface, which are occasioned by a wave of the internal ponderous fluid; and such a wave is producible by the sudden violent explosion you mention, happening from the junction of water and

fire under the earth, which not only lifts the incumbent earth that is over the explosion, but impressing with the same force the fluid that is under it, creates a wave that may run a thousand leagues, lifting, and thereby shaking, successively, all the countries under which it passes. I know not whether I have expressed myself so clearly as not to get out of your sight in these reveries. If they occasion any new inquiries, and produce a better hypothesis, they will not be quite useless. You see I have given a loose to imagination; but I approve much more your method of philosophising, which proceeds upon actual observation, makes a collection of facts, and concludes no further than those facts will warrant. In my present circumstances, that mode of studying the nature of the globe is out of my power, and therefore I have permitted myself to wander a little in the wilds of fancy.

With great esteem,
I have the honour to be, Sir, &c.

B. FRANKLIN.

P. S. I have heard that Chemists can, by their art, decompose stone and wood, extracting a considerable quantity of water from the one, and air from the other. It seems natural to conclude from this, that water and air were ingredients in their original composition; for men cannot make new matter of any kind. In the same manner may we not suppose, that when we consume combustibles of all kinds, and produce heat or light, we do not create that heat or light, but only decompose a substance, which received it originally as a part of its composition? Heat may be thus considered as originally in a fluid state, but, attracted by organised bodies in their growth, becomes a part of the solid. Besides this, I can conceive that in the first assemblage of the particles of which this earth is composed, each brought its portion of the loose heat that had been connected with it, and the whole, when pressed together, produced the internal fire that still subsists.

Petit Tableau de Paris, pour 1818.

Madame Sartory, the author of several Novels, has published a Little Picture of Paris, for 1818, which contains many pleasant anecdotes, of which we select the following relative to Buonaparte:—

For the solemnization of the marriage ceremony with the Austrian Archduchess, a kind of chapel was erected at the end of the gallery of the Louvre, the ornaments of which (blue and pink) Napoleon called unsuitable finery. He was in the right; and it is one of the singularities of this extraordinary man, that he had a very nice sense of decorum, and violated it upon every occasion. Napoleon was already kneeling down with the Empress, when he suddenly turned with a gloomy look to the Almoner, the well known M. de Pradt, and asked, "Where are the Cardinals?" M. de Pradt shewed him the place where

they sat. He angrily repeated, "Where are the Cardinals?" "I have already had the honour," replied the former, "to point them out to your Majesty." "The fools!" replied he, "how silly they are," adding several abusive names; because, of the twenty-three Cardinals who were at that time in Paris, only thirteen were present. After he had received the benediction, he asked, "Why did not the Empress give me a ring?" — "Because, Sire, it is the custom in France that only the Bridegroom gives the ring." "Ah, ah," replied he, "that is good," and whispered in M. Pradt's ear, "But do you know why the women receive the ring? It is a custom founded upon an ancient Roman law, which ordains that all SLAVES shall wear rings; and as the women are our slaves, they ought to wear this badge of servitude!"

From the MS. memoirs of General Rapp, it is related that Napoleon had sometimes played "*Vingt et un*" in Schönbrunn, and having one night won a great deal, he shook a number of Napoleons d'or in his hand, and said, "The Germans are very fond of these little Napoleons, are they not?" Upon which Rapp answered very frankly, "More than of the Great one."

ANALYSIS OF THE JOURNAL DES SAVANS FOR MARCH, APRIL, AND MAY.

(Concluded.)

Nouveau Voyage dans L'Empire de Florence.
Par I. L. A. Loiseleur de Longchamp,
&c. &c.

This is an elementary book on the agreeable science of Botany, on the same plan as another work published ten years ago, which has gone through several editions; but on account of the great progress that has been made in Botany since that time, it has required to be corrected, augmented, and even wholly re-written.

The only part of this book which is new, is an attempt towards a new classification of plants, of the advantages or inconveniences of which learned Botanists alone can judge; as an elementary work, it will doubtless be useful to young people who apply to the study of Botany. The subjects discussed in it are treated of, says M. Tessier, in a perspicuous and intelligible manner.

Mémoire sur les Oracles des Anciens. Par M. Clavier.

This Memoir was read in the Institute in 1814, and has been since revised. The subject is curious, though it has been often treated of. The object of M. Clavier is to shew with all possible precision, and thus to reduce to their true value of *prestige*, of which exaggerated or inaccurate ideas have hitherto been formed. For this purpose he has submitted to a new critical examination the facts already collected, and has added details less known, which he collected during his inquiries into the history of ancient Greece.

It seems that the author had not time to revise the last six pages of this volume,

which contain fifteen additions and corrections drawn up by him after the preceding sheets were printed. In the advertisement at the beginning of this work, he promised further researches on the same subject, which will give his readers an additional cause to lament his premature death.

Explication du Passage de Strabon, relatif aux Edifices sacrées d'Heliopolis en Egypte.

This is a very interesting and learned original article by M. Letronne, on the highly important passage of Strabo, (*Stra.*) XVII. p. 1158, et 1159 ed. Almel.) in which he gives a short description of the temple of Heliopolis. M. Letronne observes, that this passage must always be quoted when we wish to describe the ruins of an Egyptian temple, and has always been considered as very difficult. The authors of the splendid description of Egypt not having adhered to the literal sense, have been led to draw inferences from this passage which M. Letronne considers as inadmissible, and has therefore been induced to publish this explanation of it. As the very numerous references and Greek quotations, besides its being accompanied by a figure, not to mention its length, hinder us from giving the whole to our readers, and it would be difficult to make an abridgment of it which would be intelligible without the figure, we must refer our learned readers to the original itself.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

SECRET LETTERS.

(Supposed to be written by Madame Bertrand.)

[Translation of Letter IV. concluded.]

St. Helena, — August 1816.

One evening the conversation turned on the many cruelties which Napoleon had committed, concerning which Mr. — expressed himself very freely. What astonished me most of all during this conversation was, that Napoleon admitted all the accusations brought forward against him, and even took the trouble to justify himself. He delivered a kind of lecture on the principles of government, and firmly maintained that cruelty was an indispensable requisite for a sovereign, and that the Prince who is not cruel should never be entrusted with the reins of government.

"The principle," said he, "of raising the Sovereign above the law, is imposing merely in sound; but, in reality, there is but one law for the Prince, name'y, the welfare of his subjects, and this law is very often incompatible with the comfort of individuals. How perplexing is the situation of a Prince, when his subjects are each labouring to promote only their own welfare; the Sovereign, on the contrary, is the only person in the whole kingdom who turns his attention to the general interest. The subjects of a State are like a company of players, who are dissatisfied with the

manager, because each fancies he is entitled to assume a different and a more important character; — each wishes to shine, and to excite applause, without caring whether the *whole* piece be well or ill performed. It is the duty of the Sovereign to check this spirit, and to render the interests of individuals subordinate to those of the nation at large."

Thus he sermonized for an hour without interruption, as though he had been bound to make comments on Machiavel. 'Tis a pity I cannot recollect more of his observations. With all his ingenuity, he certainly was unable to excuse some of the crimes laid to his charge; and he confessed that mere vanity induced him to compel foreign nations to be governed by his insignificant brothers: "I did so, not from any regard towards my brothers," said he, very frankly, "but I was flattered by the thought of seeing all Europe ruled by my own family. And, on the other hand, I was well convinced that my brothers (though bad enough, heaven knows) were just as good as the wise *legitimates* I had driven away."

"That I deny!" replied Mr. —, somewhat rudely; "and even allowing that there were some unworthy Sovereigns among them, yet they were the countrymen of their subjects, and the latter were willing to bear from them more than they would from foreigners—At all events, none was so objectionable as your Jerome, for example."

"Why, certainly," said Napoleon, laughing, "I must confess he is nothing but a worn-out voluntary. But then I placed him under the guidance of intelligent men, among whom was a celebrated historian, one of the few individuals that I stood in awe of."

"And Joseph—?"

"Oh! say not a syllable against Joseph! he would have made a better King than any of the long line of Spanish sovereigns, whose very names are now buried in oblivion. He wanted only a little experience in the art of governing."

"Well then, Lucien—?"

"Only pardon his Heroic Poem, as I have pardoned his imprudent marriage, and Lucien has his good qualities too—though his obstinacy certainly used to vex me."

"Ah!" exclaimed Mr. —, "he deceived us long enough. We thought him a gentleman."

"And so he is," continued Napoleon, "as good a one as you will find either in England or Germany. I should wish to ask you one question, Sir! (addressing himself to one of the German Commissioners, who had just entered the room,) shew me the man in all Germany who did not cringe to me so long as I remained in power!"

"Baron Stein," replied the Commissioner.

"Ah! there's one, indeed!" said Napoleon, somewhat mortified; "but I wager you may search long ere you find a second. After the battle of Leipzig, indeed, they all

began to raise the hue and cry against me; —then every one had been a zealous patriot from his birth; —then the political writers turned as their interests dictated, and the newspaper Editors dashed away the cup of incense with which they had before sprinkled me."

"Now we are wandering from the point," said Mr. —. " You have other relations. Murat, for example!" —

"Murat! Oh, the conceited coxcomb! all his glory rested in his white plume."

"And yet you made him King of Naples?"

"That was more for my sister's sake than for his, rely on it. She has more of the man in her than her husband."

"Well, you cannot say that of all your sisters—the Grand Duchess of Tuscany!"

"At least possessed the art of rendering herself pleasing to men," replied Napoleon, laughing. "But you do not mention brother Louis; he is a man after your own heart?" —

"Ah, that he is! Heaven prosper him, though he should write fifty wretched Novels. But as for the rest—I only wonder that they were not all sent to St. Helena, to catch Rats!" — Napoleon smiled, and returned no answer. But when alone with us, he frequently says, "I cannot be too thankful that the Allied Sovereigns did not send all my family here, leaving me to sing,

Ou peut-on être mieux qu'au sien de sa famille; such domestic happiness would certainly have driven me mad. These every-day sort of men would soon have forgotten all the benefits I conferred on them, and would have overwhelmed me with reproaches for their misfortune. Besides, they may still be of use to me in Europe. From the latest accounts in the Journals, I observe that my friends and relations have been freely permitted to fix their residence, some in France and some in other parts of Europe. They will not fail to intrigue and to carry on secret correspondence, from Rome to Gratz, from Paris to Hungary. At first they will perhaps be closely watched, but time and money will soon lull to sleep. In short, this indifference to punishments, and respect for property God knows how acquired, seems to augur good."

He frequently speaks in this unreserved way, when we are alone. He thinks it beneath his dignity to dissemble, and when we remind him that he formerly practised many *ruses* in order to lead the world astray, he says that he did so not from choice, but for the sake of promoting ultimate good. To us he has no concealments, and does not wish to appear better than he really is. He is far from thinking himself faultless; but he is convinced that he is one of the greatest men that ever lived, and that he was born to wear a crown.

Time, however, sometimes hangs heavily on him; and, indeed, Caroline, we all feel dull occasionally. We have no diversity of amusements. We sometimes visit a wretched botanical garden, in which not

even all the native plants of St. Helena are collected; or we wander beneath the shade of Bamboos, in a garden which is thrown open to the inhabitants. This garden is planted with beautiful mangos, cocoa-nut trees, date trees, banians, &c.

On the side of the town opposite Ladder Hill, is a road which winds for the space of three miles along the ridge of hills inclosing Rupert Valley. The road leads to a plain, or rather a gentle eminence, on the top of which a flag is fixed. This place is called Longwood. The inhabitants sometimes amuse themselves by fishing; but were we to enjoy this recreation, we should be surrounded by all the watch-boats, and stared at as though we were some unknown animals. Walking on the coast is likewise unpleasant, for, except the Sand Bay, it is entirely covered with rough stones, which hurt the feet very much.

In short, Caroline, I often wish I were one of the pyramids of rock which form a lofty group on the Southern side of the Island, and are distinguished by the name of Lot's Wife and Daughters. If looking towards our Gomorrah (I mean dear charming Paris,) could work such a transformation, I should long since have become the companion of Lot's wife. If some fortunate event do not speedily transpire, and if you delay much longer writing to me, I shall certainly put a Scorpion to my bosom (for we have plenty of them here,) and die the death of Cleopatra. Adieu!

ROMAN ANTIQUITIES.

Treves, 22d June.

The Prussian government is engaged in the erection of very considerable works in the principal cities of its Rhenish provinces. At Coblenz, fortifications are raising upon three points, which will probably surpass in solidity and beauty every thing of this kind that the modern art of military architecture has produced. At Cologne, a similar work is begun; and the old walls of that city, which are intended for a military dépôt, are adapted, as far as possible, to the modern system of defence. Here, at Treves, where the military objects are confined to the building of barracks, the government has turned its attention to the Roman Monuments of the ancient city, for the purpose of bringing them again to light. The *Porta nigra*, as it is called, in which there was a church dedicated to St. Simeon, which was built in the middle ages, stands now in its original purity, freed from all extraneous additions. Of all the known remains of Roman architecture, there are perhaps but few in better preservation than this remarkable edifice—the first on German ground! The barbarism of the middle ages, too impotent to annihilate the majestic warm baths which adorned the imperial *Angusta Trevirorum*, had covered with rubbish what could not be destroyed, in order to conceal it from the observation of posterity. The inquisitive eye of a more enlightened age has not disregarded the

ruins that were still visible. The Prussian government has had whole mountains of earth and rubbish removed, and the gigantic walls of the wonderful building are uncovered to their foundations, and restored to day. In these excavations there have been found, as was to be expected, several articles which throw a light on the interior arrangement of the baths and their furniture. Among the former are the various channels which seem to have served to conduct the fire and water, and executed in the most careful and accurate manner. They are exposed to the curiosity and consideration of every body that passes. This is not the case with the moveable articles, the fragments of pans, vessels, and ornaments, discovered in the excavations. It is a pity that no suitable place has yet been found to arrange these interesting discoveries for public inspection.

LEARNED SOCIETIES.

On the 24th of June, the Royal Academy of Sciences, in Lisbon, held a public Session. Its proceedings were prefaced by a short discourse, pronounced by the Vice-President, the Marquis of Borba, one of the governors of the kingdom. The Secretary then made a statement of the labours of the Society, and of the memoirs which had been presented and read during the preceding year. Sebastian Francisco de Mendo Trigoso afterwards read a memoir on the five first editions of *The Lusiad of Camoens*. He was followed by Matheus Valente de Conto, who read an introduction to a Memoir, which had gained a prize, relative to the programme of the Academy, upon the demonstration of rules given by Wronski, for the general reduction of equations. Joseph Maria Soares read a compendious statement of the *General History of Medicine*, from the beginning of the Portuguese monarchy: this statement is intended to form an introduction to his History of Medical Science in Portugal. Sebastian Francisco de Mendo Trigoso read a Memoir on the establishment of the Arcadia in Lisbon, and on its influence in the restoration of Portuguese literature. The author of this Memoir is Francisco Manoel Trigoso de Aragam Morato. After these proceedings, the academician Ignacio Antonio da Fonseca Benevides read an historical recapitulation of the labours of the Vaccine Institution, in the course of the preceding year. Time would not admit of the reading of other Memoirs, and the following were therefore omitted:—One by Francisco Elias Rodrigues da Silveira, upon medical empiricism; another by Antonio de Aranjo Travassos, upon the means of abbreviating topographical labour; and a third, by Constantino Botelho de Lacerda Lobo, on the unequal temperature of the solar rays, separated by the prism. It appears that the following works were printed by the Academy within the last 12 months:—The fifth volume of the *Chronological Index of the Portuguese Laws and Edicts*, by the Des-

embassador (the Judge) John Peter Ri-beiro : a *Treatise on the Practice of Medicine*, by Joseph Pinheiro de Freitas Soares ; and the second part of the third volume of the *Memoirs of the Academy*.—*Times*.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

SCIENTIFIC MISCELLANIES.

A Mr. Robert Aiken, at Stranraer in Scotland, has discovered a new mode of curing Herrings, so as to prevent the yellow rust, and preserve the fish in its original whiteness. The same mode of curing is applicable to meat and butter, which remain amazingly fresh, and have a pleasant taste when submitted to this process.

Extensive serpentine veins and rocks of chromate of iron have been discovered in the Shetland Islands. From this ore several beautiful and very durable pigments are obtained, which are highly valued in the arts. Hitherto the market has been supplied from North America, but the abundance of it in Shetland will now form a valuable export from that island.

Captain Kater, after measuring the length of the pendulum, at Unst, in Shetland, intends doing the same in Norway, latitudes 70 or 71, and 65 or 66. These, with other experiments of a similar nature, at various places in Scotland, will be of great importance in determining the true figure of the earth, in which M. Biot has made so distinguished a progress.

Moire METALLIQUE.—This article, in the Parisian manufacture, is produced with sulphuric acid, diluted in from seven to nine parts of water, and laid on the sheet of tin with a sponge or rag. The tin must be heated, so as to form an incipient fusion on the surface, when the acid is applied, and the crystallization or *Moire ensues*; the latter phrase being borrowed from the word used to designate watered silk (*Soie Moiree*). The citric acid, it is said, answers better than any other. By employing the blow-pipe before the acid, small and beautiful specks are formed on the tin.

The New Monthly Magazine mentions a patent by Louis F. Vallet, of Walbrook, for the manufacture of a new ornamental surface to metal or metallic composition. This is a variety of the crystallization of tin. It is laid on with a brush or sponge, and consists of 1 part sulphuric acid, and 5 parts water—the same of nitric acid and water, each mixture separate; then 10 parts of the former united with one of the latter, and applied with a pencil, and repeated several times.

THE BRITISH MUSEUM.—Receipts for the year ending 25th March 1818:

£. 12,455 12 5

Expenditure, same period 11,724 9 1

Balance 731 3 4

The Guingéné Library at Paris is to be purchased, and duplicates sold to the amount of 1000/. to meet the expense. Between 3 and 4000/. more is expected in 1819 for duplicates of Dr. Burney's Library. The number of visitors last year was 50,172.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

A DREAM OF OCEAN.

It was the evening of a summer day—
One of those days, like a well-spent life,
End pure and placidly—leaving behind
A golden line reflected on the sea,
All glorious as the good man's retrospect.
And I had stray'd that live-long summer day
Among the mighty columns Time hath strew'd
(Or earthquake, or the hissing thunderbolt)
On Dalriada's shore, where still thine eye
May mark wide ruins of a fane not built
With hands; entitled (in a Poet's page †)
The Giant's Causeway. At my feet the waves,
Hanging suspended on the curl awhile,
Like a coy girl, till others push'd them on,
Did bow their pearly coronets to kiss
The polish'd pebbles of a little bay
Beneath the rocks; where, on a couch of shells,
The drowsy booming of the languid wave
Stole like a spell upon me, and I slept—
Even as a weary Infant sinks to rest,
Hush'd by his Nurse's lullaby: The soul,
The soul slept not! but imp'd her rapid wing
Like an unhooded falcon—for, methought,
The pale young Moon shone beautiful above:
And while I gazed upon her ocean track
Of quivering silver (that did seem to reach
Over the waters to the edge of heaven)
Whereon the Dolphin-mounted Mermaids sport
Through the still night, a voice came o'er mine
ear—

But 'twas a voice so exquisitely tuned
That sure I deem'd some wandering Angel wove
My native tongue with heaven's own harmony—
Beyond the Poet's skill:—and thus it said—
“Come, I will shew thee secrets of the deep!”

I look'd—and lo! a form far lovelier than
The daughters of the earth before me stood:
Upon the undulating wave her foot
Shone bright and buoyant: her transparent robe
Bleat with the moonbeam—shewing limbs
wherein
No life-blood flow'd, for I might see sometimes
The water-gleam shine through their symmetry:
And then I knew a spirit spoke with me—
A spirit moulded to seem palpable.

And far beneath through ocean depths we dived,
Swift as the shell-drake—still respire free,
As if an atmosphere encircled us.
I followed without effort, for my guide
Attracted with a load-star's influence;
And, with mysterious motion, drew me on
Through the cold waste of fluid emerald.

Down, down we glided—and the moonbeam
glanced

From a green sky above—trembling as though
It feared to lose itself in those vast depths:
The ocean-snake wound on his volumed coil
In beauty instinct shrank from: th' Leviathan,
Floating between us and the surface, flung

* Ancient name of the county of Antrim.

† Dr. Drummond, of Dublin, author of *The Giant's Causeway*, and other poems.

A downward shadow, like the thunder-cloud;
And, while he past, the slow-returning light
Came as another dawning. Myriad shoals
(Hosts of the marshall'd ocean) swimming on,
Turn'd up their silver sides with a swift gleam,
Taking the light they scatter'd back again,
Like sunshine on a serried field of spears:
The Dolphin chased the Flying-fish; and aye,
With each pursuing dart, a gush of hues
Stream'd from his sides—raying the wave, as if
His colours mingled with it: and beneath
On golden sands, islands of shells were piled
Of every shape and dye, from those whereof
The Sea-nymph's car is fashioned, even to those
She braids the glory of her locks withal.

— — — — —
We won the roots of ocean!
A rock of virgin crystal heaved in front,
O'er whose steep side, like tendrils o' the vine,
The crimson coral traversed; and between
Hung grapes of clustering pearl. My guide look'd
back

Upon the wing, and smiling, pointed out
A cell in the transparent cliff, such as
Some Nereid might inhabit, garlanding
Her brow with sea-cull'd flowers—“And soon,”
she said,

“ Thy pilgrimage shall end.” We entered then,
Treading a floor of tessellated gems,
Whereon the ruby, opal, amethyst,
The burning carbuncle, the sapphire blue,
Did blaze like stars in dazzling marquetry:
And full in front an inner porch flung back
Its valves of mother pearl, inviting us
To try that shining path,
Cut onward through the self-illumined stone.

— — — — —
“ Attend! (if that indeed thine ear may brook
To hear what mortal hath not heard) while I
Do tell thee deep and awful mysteries:—
The impulse of the winds—the hidden laws
Which bind the deep in fealty to the Moon—
Of wonders they shall see (but never tell)
Who storm the icy barriers of the Pole:—
Of lightnings—spirits that shoot from cloud to
cloud

(But woe to him they brush with passing wing!)
And lift the curtains of the horizon up
To give ye glimpses of another world;
That be in lineament as seraphs are:

Heaven's thunder-voiced ministers—to man
Invisible, through mere excess of light.
Relate of high intelligences, who
Dwell in this ocean Paradise (as ye
In Eden's rosy bowers might still have dwelt)
Beings coeval with the stars, who mock'd
The first bright blush of day, when the dread
voice

Pronounced, “ Let there be light—and there was
light !”

And saw the mountain tops leap up to meet
The joyful salices of the new-born sun.

Behold! this sky-like dome of adamant
(Each pillar's shadow ranged beneath its cope
Would hide Earth's loftiest spires) supports the
weight

Of ocean's vast

O, mercy, mercy, heaven!
A mighty rush of waters—and above
The diamond dome is shatter'd; piecemeal fall
(As fell the temple of the Philistine)
Its thousand jasper columns: sore distress'd
I gazed around for succour—none was nigh;
My guide had vanished! and as the ruin
Hurl'd headlong down to crush me like a worm—
With a convulsion of the heart—I woke.
O, what a change was here! for quietness
Breathed around: yet right beneath my feet
There play'd a circling dimple on the wave,
As one had, even at that moment, dived;

And, all so vivid work'd my dream, that I
Was fain to credit something (not of earth)
Had dallied with my fancy.

London.

EUSTACE.

To the Author of the beautiful lines signed Helen,
(*Literary Gazette*, No. 77.)

I've whirr'd o'er leagues of plain and hill,
And like its gusts have swept the sea,
Yet one deep dream is on me still,
Sweet Helen, it is all of thee.

Back wings the heart, plain, hill, and tide,
And loves, and lingers at thy side.

I see thee give the parting flower,
Whose very touch was like a spell;
And startle at its sudden power,
When deadly paleness on me fell;
And see thy guileless beauty bend
In blushing pity o'er thy friend.

My simple Helen ! How that heart
Shall feel!—once conscious that it feels,
What crimson to thy cheek shall dart
When the first vision o'er it steals,
What tears shall weep Love's madness, folly,
Thou child of Love and Melancholy.

I've seen it in that eye of blue,
Wild wandering over earth and sky,
I've seen it in that check's deep hue,
When some sublimer fantasy
Wrought in thee like an infant Muse:
But these were passion's tears and hues.

I've seen thee press the rose to lips
That might have given it richer red,
And where the western sunbeam dips
His radiance, gaze till all was fled.
Helen ! when once thy hour is nigh,
Thy lot is bliss—or misery.

Who tells thee this ? A silent one,
Who loved thee, as thou lovest the flow'r,
With passion to himself unknown,
And hovered round thee hour by hour,
And saw thee but a lovely child,
Nor woke till all his soul was wild.

Child as thou wert—yet didst thou ne'er
Think who he was that loved thee so ?
Did thy heart never thrill, to hear
His tone, so strange, and sad, and low ?
The glance so raised, so sunk again;
Was not the fearful secret plain ?

Yet I have torn myself from thee !
This hour the surge is at my feet,
That bears me, ah, how gloomily !
Where thou and I shall never meet!
Aye, 'tis a fitting hour to tell
The heart's deep history.—Fare thee well !

Liverpool, August 3.

THE BACCHANALIAN TO SLEEP.

SLEEP, while I own thy ponderous sway,
I do not live; my time is sunk :
Take then the debt I'm forced to pay,
But take it after I am drunk.*

* How different is the anecdote of the Empress Maria Theresa ! A short time before this great Princess drew her last breath, she lay in a kind of lethargy, with her eyes closed; and one of the ladies, her attendants, being questioned respecting the health of her imperial mistress, answered, " Her Majesty appears to be asleep." " No," said the Empress, " I could go to sleep if I would, but I feel my last hour approach, and it shall not overtake me in my sleep."

Softly approach, like evening's shade;
Fly quickly, like a parting breath;
For life too short for wine was made,
To waste with thee,—Image of Death.

EWIN.

TO LADY E.—

Oh, Emily, you know the bow'r
That holds my parting sigh,
And echoes thro' the live-long hour
Its murmurs to the sky.

And often when I'm far away,
You list the mournful strain,
And wander at the close of day
To catch the sound again.

Y-NOT.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

THE HERMIT IN LONDON,

OR

SKETCHES OF ENGLISH MANNERS.

No. V.

THE FEMALE CHARIOTEER.

Qui cupit optatum cursu contigere metam.

Horace.

Sunt quos curriculo pulverem Olympicum
Collegisse juvat : metaque fervidis
Evitata rotis.

Ibid.

After waiting an hour at the Mount for an old Officer returned from India, whom I had not seen for many years, I was proceeding across Bond Street, full of my disappointment, and looking back to the days of our childhood, when first our intimacy commenced. Filled with these melancholy pleasing thoughts, I was almost stunned by the cry of, Hoy ! I turned round, and perceived a Groom advancing towards me on horseback, and a curricle coming on me at the rate of nine miles per hour. The female charioteer pulled up with difficulty; and, in doing so, quite altered the lines of a very comely countenance, for all was tugging and muscular exertion.

I was now just out of the line of danger, and the vehicle was abreast of me, when the other Groom touching his hat, and the lady recognizing me and smiling, I perceived that it was Lady —, one of my best friends, who had nearly run over me. She apologized, was quite shocked, but could not conceive how I could be so absent; and, lastly, laid the blame on her horses, observing, that they had had so little work of late, that they were almost too much for her. A few civilities passed between us, with the usual barometrical and thermometrical observations of an Englishman, which are his great auxiliaries in conversation, and we parted.

During our short colloquy, one of her

beautiful horses became what she called *fidgety*, for which she promised to pay him off in the Park. The other, at starting, shewed symptoms of great friskiness, for which she gave him a few dexterous cuts, distorting, in a small degree, her features at the same time, as much as to say, " Will you? I'll be your master (not *mistress*, there is no such term in coachmanship yet;) I'll teach you better manners; I'll bring you to a sense of your duty :" or something to that purpose.

I turned about, to view her as she went along. She had a small round riding-hat on; she sat in a most coachmanlike manner, handled her whip in a very masterly style, and had, altogether, something quite gentlemanlike in her appearance. She was going at a bold and brisk trot; and, as she passed her numerous acquaintances, she was so intent upon the good management of her reins, and her eyes so fixed upon her high-mettled cattle, that she gave a familiar, knowing, sideway, nod of her head, very similar to what I have seen stage coachmen, hackneymen, and fashionable Ruffians, their copies, give a brother Whip, passing on the road, or when they almost graze another's wheel, or cut out a carriage, when they are turning round, with a nod, which means, " There's for you, what a flat you must be ! "

This led me to general reflections on female charioteers in general. And, first, to acquire any talent, it is necessary to learn the art. How is the knowledge of driving obtained by the fairer sex ?

If a lady take the reins from her husband, her brother, or her lover, it is a strong emblem of assuming the mastery. If she have no courage, no muscular strength, and no attention to the domination and guidance of her studs, she becomes no driver, no whip, and runs the risk of breaking the neck of self and friends daily. If she do excel in this study, she becomes, immediately, masculine and severe: she punishes, when occasion requires, the animals which come under her lash, assumes a graceless attitude, heats her complexion by exertion, loses her softness by virtue of her office, runs the risk of hardening her hands, and may perchance harden her heart—at all events, she gains unfeminine habits, and such as are not easily got rid of.

If she learn of the family coachman, it must be allowed that it is not likely that he should give her any peculiar grace, nor teach her any thing polite. The pleasure of his company, whilst superintending her lesson, cannot much

improve her mind; and the freedom of these teachers of coachmanship may prove offensive to her, which a gradual loss of feeling, done away by the pride of excellency as a Whip, can alone render palatable.

When the accomplishment of driving is acquired, what does it tend to? A waste of time, a masculine enjoyment, and loss of (I will not say moral, but) feminine character—of that sweet, soft, and overpowering submission to and dependence on man, which whilst it claims our protection and awakens our dearest sympathies, our tenderest interests, enchantments, attaches and subdues us. I have known ladies so affected by an inordinate love for chariotteering, that it has completely altered them, and they at last became more at home in the stable than in the drawing-room. The very lady in question is so different when dressed for dinner, that her driving-dress is a complete masquerade disguise, which I should never wish to see her in, and which certainly is not calculated to captivate a lover, nor to gain a husband, unless the latter be a slave, who gives the whip-hand to his lady.

I now began to recollect the female Whips of my acquaintance; and I found that I never could esteem one of them. A certain titled lady, who shall be nameless, since she is no more, used to excel in driving four milk-white horses in hand. Her face was a perfect enamel, something like china, from the paint which she used; and to see the thong of her whip fly about the leaders, to behold her gather up her reins and square her elbows, was the delight of the ostlers and hackney-coachmen about town, who nevertheless spoke very lightly of her at the same time. I confess that she became a complete object of disgust to myself, and to many thinking men of my acquaintance. She used frequently to drive out a male relation, which made the picture still more preposterous in my eyes; whilst the very praise of the lower classes alluded to, sunk her in my estimation.

And why do coachmen and pugilists, grooms and jockeys, praise the superior ranks of society for excellency in driving, in boxing, in horse-racing, or in riding like post-boys? Because it reduces the highest to the level of the lowest, because (to adopt their own expression, so often made use of by the bargemen on the Thames, towards a certain Duke) he's not proud, he is just like one of us, he can tug at his oar, smoke and drink beer "like a man," aye, and take his own part. That such qualities may,

upon an emergency, prove useful, I admit, but His Grace, as well as all female charioteers, must excuse me from considering them as any way ornamental.

To return to my female driving friends. A certain fair daughter of green Erin used formerly to drive me out in her curriole: She is a perfect whip; and has, from conversing so much on the subject, and from seeing so much stable company, assumed a tone, an attitude, and a language, most foreign to her sex. Driving one day in the Circular Road, near Dublin, her horses pulled very hard, and would have blistered common fingers, but, protected by the stiff York tan, and hardened by the management of the whip, she stood up and punished them, crying, "I'll take the *shame* out of you before I have done with you!" then "keeping them up to their work," as she called it, and fanning furiously along, she exultingly exclaimed, all in a heat and flurry herself, "There, and be —— (I looked thunder-struck)—be hanged to you!" concluded she, smiling at me, and resuming her *sang-froid*.

A Commoner's lady was my third driving acquaintance: She was very bold; given to the joys of the table; got lightly spoken of as to reputation; and, after all, overturned herself once, and broke her arm. My inquiries as to the character of the other celebrated female Whips, have not obtained any information which could change my opinion as to the advantages of a lady's becoming a good Whip. It militates against the softness, the delicacy, the beauty, and attractions, of the sex. I would ask any amateur, the greatest possible admirer of lovely woman, whether, her complexion being heated, her lips dry, and her features covered with dust, as she returns from a horse-race or from a morning drive, are circumstances of improvement to her in any way?

I doubt if our forefather Adam could have been captivated with Eve, had she appeared to him either in a dream, or in coarse reality, with a masculine expression of countenance, and with a four-horse whip in her hand; nor was it ever intended that "those limbs, formed for the gentler offices of love," should be displayed behind prancing coach-horses, with an unwieldy whip in one hand, and a gross mass of leather in the other. The very diamond itself is scarcely seemly, when clad in its rough coat of earth, and of uncouthness: 'tis the high polish which it receives, which displays its hidden lustre, and which, reflecting

its real worth, makes it so brilliant, and so eminently valuable.

Thus it is with woman: every thing which tends to divest her of the asperity and ruggedness of the inferior part of our sex, augments her attractions: every thing which can assimilate her to the harshness of man, despoils her of her richest ornaments, and lowers her in our estimation. I remember once passing a lady in the King's Road, one of whose outriders had dismounted, and was adjusting something about the reins, whilst the other was holding his horse behind. The Lady, and the Groom, who appeared to be her instructor in the art of coachmanship, had much conversation respecting the cattle. The latter said, "Give him his hiding, my Lady, and don't spare him." To which, she elegantly replied, "D—n the little horse." This gave the finishing confirmation to my former opinion.

I know that it will be objected to me, that these vulgarities are not general in high coachwomen, and that they are not necessary; but to this I beg leave to answer, that their very existence is preposterous, and that if on the one hand these vices are not absolutely a part of coachmanship, coashmanship or chariotteering is not at all necessary to a woman's accomplishments, nor even to her amusement.

THE HERMIT IN LONDON.

BIOGRAPHY.

MISS POPE.

Miss Pope, whose decease at Brompton we announced in our last Number, was born in Russell Street, Covent Garden, where her father resided many years; from thence she removed to Great Queen Street, Lincoln's-Inn Fields, to reside with her brother, a dancing master of great respectability, where she continued till his death. Long before her entrance on the stage, she was considered as the *droll* of her acquaintance. Her dramatic life commenced in the earliest period of her youth, and her parents perceiving her exquisite turn for genteel Comedy, at length consented that she should appear on the stage. At this time she was introduced to the sagacious Garrick, who at once appreciated her rising merit; and, in order to bring her forward, got up some pieces which he intended should be performed by a juvenile company, selected from the most promising candidates for theatrical fame in his nursery of dramatic genius. In the fine Lady in Lethe she added much to her reputation; but in Lilliput, her skill in the dance rendered her at once the most distinguished among the fairy group. She also contributed, by her magic powers, much to the

fascination of the character of the Enchantress, in the Oracle.

The first regular appearance of Miss Pope, as an actress, was in the character of *Corinne*, in the Confederacy, Sept. 27, 1759, and being received with the most flattering tokens of public approbation, it procured her an engagement, which she retained nearly 40 years; an instance of steadiness scarcely to be paralleled in the annals of the theatre. On the second night of her appearance in that character, Mrs. Clive, then in the zenith of her fame, called her into the Green Room before she went upon the stage, and with great affability addressed her to the following effect: "My dear Pope, you played particularly well on Saturday night, considering that you are as yet but a novice in the profession. Now take a piece of advice from me. You then acted with great and merited approbation; yet be not surprised when I tell you, that to-night you must endeavour to act better; and yet, at the same time, make up your mind to meet with less approbation; for, if you suffer your young heart to be too sanguine, and place too much dependance on the caprice of public approbation, and should find your hopes disappointed, you will foolishly let it cast a damp over your spirits, and thus, instead of improving, you will sink beneath yourself. The thunder of applause which crowned your first appearance was not in strict justice deserved. It was only benevolently bestowed by the audience, to give you the pleasing information that they were pleased with your efforts." The practical excellence of this advice must immediately present itself to every intelligent mind, and is well worthy of the serious attention of every young performer. It was not thrown away upon Miss Pope, who increased in her exertions, and gained rapidly the public favour. Of her performance in the Musical Lady, acted in 1762, the late celebrated Isaac Reed * has the following criticism: "Miss Pope supported the character of Sophia with a sprightliness tempered with judgment, and an eloquence heightened by ease, that might have done honour to a performer of three times the experience in life that her years have afforded her the opportunity of acquiring." In the Deuce is in Him, and in a number of other pieces that were the favourites of that time, she was equally excellent. When Mrs. Clive retired from the stage, in April 1769, Miss Pope succeeded to several of that lady's characters, which called forth the full extent of her powers, and opened a new line of acting to her view, and, it is said, chastened the rather broad humour of her predecessor. Her forte was avowedly low Comedy; but in this field she took an ample range, and was peculiarly happy in her delineation of antiquated spinsters,

pert chambermaids, &c.; her articulation was clear and fine, her voice powerful; her imagination was lively, and her judgment in affairs connected with the Drama, excellent; and character was indeed barren of incident and humour, which Miss Pope could not render pleasant and amusing. She was, we believe, the only actress of the present reign who has been honoured with Royal command, which was the case on the 6th May 1802, when she, in consequence, played Mrs. Heidelberg before their Majesties: in short, Miss Pope was one of the few classical performers of her time. She retired from Drury Lane Theatre some time before her death, which took place at Brompton on the 30th ult.

In private life Miss Pope was not less amiable than in her public character she was excellent. She possessed a heart glowing with expanded philanthropy, a mind vigorous and comprehensive. It is much to the credit of Miss Pope, that she preserved an immaculate character through a variety of temptations, which many other actresses have not been able to withstand. She is the author of an afterpiece called "The Young Couple," founded upon the Comedy called "The Discovery."

THE DRAMA.

KING'S THEATRE.—On Tuesday the Italian Opera concluded its season, which, it is stated, has been a successful one, maugre the drawbacks which have hung upon its progress. We have so often and so copiously reviewed this Theatre and its proceedings, that few remarks occur to us as necessary on its close. In our opinion, it has been, upon the whole, well managed; and at least in the main point, that of the rate at which the cooperation of the highest Foreign talents should be procured, set not only upon the right footing, but upon that differing from which no Opera can be prosperous in this country. It is well enough to consider Theatres as national concerns, but the British people have too many higher and more important interests to think about, to allow themselves to be engrossed and absorbed in them like the petty German or Italian States. They are with us viewed in the light of national amusements, if you please, but not of national business. We will therefore pay liberally for our entertainment, but not consent to lavish the revenues which would relieve a county's poor from distress, on the trill of a greedy throat, or the shake of a supple limb.

This system one acted upon will soon be understood, and engagements for the London boards possess too many advantages over those of the Continent, not to be eagerly accepted on rationally generous terms. If not counteracted at home, therefore, we look for an excellent Opera next year under the same direction as the past.

ENGLISH OPERA, STRAND.—Strong in musical abilities and in novelty of attraction,

this House goes on well in appearance, and, we hope, for its merits sake, in reality. The pretty Opera of Lionel and Clarissa was revived on Saturday, in a very capital manner. Miss Kelly and Wrench, in Jenny and Jemmy Jessamy, were all that could be desired: the former can hardly be expected ever to please more than she does, and the latter has made rapid strides towards excellence in his line within the last two or three years. Miss Carew sang and acted charmingly in Clarissa, and Pearman made a tolerable Lover, though, like most singers, his vocal w^r far superior to his active powers. Colone Oldboy had a good representative in Wilkinson, who is a dry, humorous, and entertaining actor. Miss Stephenson's Diana was one of her happiest efforts; and we fairly say, that the piece was got up in a way which does honour to a Summer, and would not dishonour a Winter theatre.

The Ballet of the *Death of Captain Cook* has also been revived, for the purpose of exhibiting our savage favourites in a new cast of parts. It is but justice to state, that our critical judgment detects no blemishes in their Owhyhean representations, which, so far as we can tell, are as natural and characteristic as their North American gambols. The scenery and situations are picturesquely managed, and the finale has a striking effect. The Indians certainly improve in their acting, and one of them played the Drunkard so naturally as to tread upon the heels of our very best Cassius. Let the master-spirits of Europe in Tragedy and Comedy beware!

DRURY LANE.—Two of the Sub-Committee, Lord Yarmouth and Mr. Walpole, have retired from the Firm of Peter Moore and Co. This must knock up the Sub-Committee, independently of an injunction obtained by their *Special* friends, against their acting corporately in the engagement of performers, &c. They had secured Stephen Kemble, being indeed in want of a great manager; but this rupture must destroy all, unless some compromise is made, and both parties seem too obstinate for that.

VARIETIES.

A letter from Florence, of the 15th ult. mentions, that in return for casts of the Elgin marbles presented by the Prince Regent, casts of several of the finest statues of the celebrated Gallery of that place, including the group of Niobe and her children, are to be modelled, and sent as an acknowledgment to our liberal Prince. Lord Burghersh has done himself honour by conducting this interchange, so valuable to the arts both of England and Italy.

A periodical Journal, called *The Black Minerva*, has been commenced at Cape Francois, in St. Domingo, under the same of Christophe. The first Number says,

* The following whimsical Epitaph was written for him, we believe, by Mr. Dibdin.

Reader, of these four lines take heed,
And mend your life for my sake;
For you must die like Isaac Reed,
Though you Read till your Eyes ache.

that "Hayti is truly free, because the people wish every thing that the Emperor wills, and he desires nothing but what is for their good"—This would reconcile one to despotism if the rule were tenable.

FREEDOM OF THE PRESS.—In the year 1810 a book was published in Saxony, which did not contain a syllable of politics, but was merely an useful compilation for children; but in this book, which was sold seved, there lay a little almanack for 1810, which was given gratis, and was regularly provided with the Saxon stamp. Though this almanack seemed perfectly harmless, it contained a bitter satire on Napoleon. Besides the usual Gregorian calendar, and the names of the saints to every day in the year, there was a second list for remarkable names from the history of the world. These names were enclosed in brackets, behind which there was a separate classification.

In January and February were: Founders of Great Monarchies, and Conquerors, for example, Nimrod, Dido, Romulus, Columbus, Charles the Great, &c. Napoleon's name was not mentioned. The months of March, April and May, had celebrated Heroes, Generals, Lawgivers, e. g. Moses, Minos, Lycurgus, Zoroaster, Frederick II. Zieten, Seydlitz, Moreau, Schill, L'Estroq, Elliot; Napoleon's name was sought for in vain. June, July, August, had unfortunate Princes and Statesmen, e. g. Cyrus, Varus, Struensee, Louis XVI. &c. At last the month of December had the inscription of, *Tyrants and Infamous Characters*: among them were mentioned Nero, Caligula, Cartouche, Cagliostro; under the 30th of December stood Schinderhannes, and under the 31st of December, two dashes, and no name.

What was easier than to fill up this blank? It is probable that in the sequel, this covert satire struck the wretched agents of the notorious Davoust, and the book and almanack were confiscated.

Let governments, therefore, take care of attempting to restrict the freedom of the press; it avails nothing. The freedom of the press can never injure a wise and just government; but if a government does wrong to any party, it will not be able to hinder the expression of indignation.

ANECDOTE OF THE SPANISH WAR.—When, after Wellington's victory at Victoria, Marshal Suchet was obliged to evacuate the kingdom of Valencia, he went to Catalonia, and received from Napoleon the united command of all the French troops of this province and Arragon. About this time one of his aid-de-camps, Captain Joh. von Halen, who in spite of his Dutch name was a native of Poland, went over to the Spaniards, and gave to the Spanish General, Copons, several blank signatures of Marshal Suchet, and his official seal, all which had been intrusted to him for the execution of official business. Von Halen was immediately desired to write above these signatures, orders in the usual French form, in which the governors of the three

fortresses, Lerida, Monzon, and Mequinenza, were commanded immediately to evacuate these fortresses with all their troops, and to repair by forced marches, and in roads that were pointed out to them, to the neighbourhood of Tarragona, where the army was collecting, in order to draw entirely out of Spain. With these orders Von Halen himself hastened to the three Governors, who had no idea of a deception, and immediately marched out; but they had not proceeded far before they were surrounded on three different sides, and all made prisoners. A similar fate was intended for the important fortress of Barcelona; but Von Halen learnt upon the way that his desertion was already known there. Von Halen was made Captain in the Spanish service, and soon after this sent to America. According to the newspapers, he has lately been arrested by order of King Ferdinand VII.

The remains of a Roman pavement were discovered on the 17th July, at Laybach, in Illyria, equal in beauty to that discovered at Salzburg in 1815. It is not known whether this pavement belonged to a temple or to any other edifice. It was discovered under the foundations of an ancient Capuchin convent, which has recently been demolished. It appears that in 1607, the period at which the convent was erected, no traces were seen of the ancient edifice.

TRANSLATOR'S BLUNDER.—In Germany it is said familiarly of goods conveyed by land carriage, that they are transported "on the axle-tree," auf der Achse. One of our Journalists translating a German newspaper in which the phrase occurred, mistook this for a river Achse, and lamented that he could not find on the map this important medium for supplying the towns on the Elbe with merchandise when that river was blockaded!—*Autumn on the Rhine.*

A recent German traveller in England has published his tour, in which he states, that the English physicians always wear black, and sometimes swords; that all the Opposition eat boiled beef; and that a Tory dinner-table is distinguished by little rolls, while the Whigs shew their sturdiness by uncouth bunches of bread!—*Ibid.*

The following advertisement appears in a Paris paper:—"A person in his 26th year, tired of the dissipation of the great world, is forming a comfortable establishment in one of the least frequented quarters of the city. His domestics are a coachman, cook, three footmen, and a chambermaid. He is in search of a young girl of good family, to improve this honourable situation; she must be well educated, accomplished, and of an agreeable figure, and will be entertained in the quality of *Demoiselle de Compagnie* (female companion.) She shall receive the utmost attention from the household, and be as well served, in every respect, or better, than if she were its mistress!"

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

JOURNAL OF THE BRASILS.—In the 7th Number of the *Literary Gazette* (p. 105) we mentioned the active researches carrying on in the Brasil by several learned Germans now settled in that interesting country; who we announced, intended to publish a journal exclusively dedicated to the communication of scientific information respecting that kingdom. We have now learned that the first number of this journal, in the German language, has been published under the title of "Journal of Brasil, or miscellaneous news from the Brasil, collected upon scientific excursions, by W. C. von Eschwege, Lieut.-Colonel of Engineers, in the Portuguese service, Director-General of all the gold mines, Inspector of various mines, &c. in Brasil. No. I. with one plan and four copperplates." A German Journal, written in Brasil itself by a learned German, who unites extensive theoretical knowledge with practical experience, is a singular and highly interesting phenomenon in the scientific world, and has attracted general attention on the continent.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

AUGUST.

Thursday, 6—Thermometer from 54 to 83.
Barometer from 30, 25 to 30, 22.
Wind N. and N.E. $\frac{1}{4}$.—Morning clear; the rest of the day generally cloudy, with a little rain about ten.

Friday, 7—Thermometer from 56 to 74.
Barometer from 30, 24 to 30, 26.
Wind NW. and W. $\frac{1}{4}$.—Generally clear.
Rain fallen, 025 of an inch.

Saturday, 8—Thermometer from 49 to 74.
Barometer from 30, 26 to 30 23.
Wind WbS. $\frac{1}{4}$.—General cloud.

Sunday, 9—Thermometer from 52 to 79.
Barometer from 30, 17 to 30, 10.
Wind NW. and NE.—Morning cloudy, the rest of the day clearer: evening very clear.

Monday, 10—Thermometer from 55 to 70.
Barometer from 30, 10 to 30, 26.
Wind NE. and N. 1.—Morning clear: afternoon cloudy: evening clear.

Tuesday, 11—Thermometer from 45 to 68.
Barometer from 30, 26 to 30, 36.
Wind NE. $\frac{1}{4}$.—Generally clear; wind yesterday evening and to-day blowing very cold.

Wednesday, 12—Thermometer from 46 to 70.
Barometer from 30, 29 to 30, 27.
Wind NE. and E. $\frac{1}{4}$.—Generally clear.

On Thursday, August 20, at 8 hours 55 minutes 24 seconds, clock time, the 3d satellite of Jupiter will emerge from an eclipse.

Latitude 51. 37. 32 N.

Longitude 3. 51 W.

Edmonton, Middlesex. JOHN ADAMS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

If J. H. pleases to communicate what he alludes to, it shall be attended to, as may then seem most agreeable to our plan.

The announcement of another National Novel from the pen of LADY MORGAN begins to excite much interest. It has been justly observed, that the style of Romance of which the author of the 'Wild Irish Girl' was the original inventor, still remains in her exclusive possession. For though Miss Edgeworth has depicted, with great fidelity and incomparable humour, the manners of the lower classes of the Irish, and though the author of 'Waverley' has left imperishable monuments of Scottish peculiarities, yet the illustration, by example, of the consequences of great errors in domestic policy, with a view to internal amelioration, has not apparently entered into the plans of those authors. The 'Wild Irish Girl' and 'O'Donnell' contain pictures of religious disqualification perfectly distinct; and 'Florence Mansfield', we are informed, presents a still new aspect of the same subject, more particularly illustrative of our own times.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Just Published, by Longman and Co. Paternoster-row, in 8vo. Price 4s. 6d.

The RECLUSE OF THE PYRENEES.

" Make me to think so twenty years together :
No settled sense of the world can match
The pleasure of that madness. Let alone

For this affliction has a taste as sweet :—
At any casual comfort.—Shakespeare.

This Poem is inscribed to His Royal Highness Prince Leopold; to whom a copy has been presented and most graciously received.

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'Περὶ τῆς Ποτάμου Σίκυων.'

Hercules.

Il n'y a point de doute, que les besoins physiques ne dépendent immédiatement de l'organisation; mais les besoins moraux, n'en dépendent pas également, quoique d'une manière moins directe, ou moins sensible?

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